TheUpsidedown

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TheUpsidedown

by MrShakespaw

Summary

The story is about the disappearence of Mischa Lecter and the appereance of a man no one has ever seen before. Will Graham...
Everything starts to change and many mysteries of Baltimore, Maryland begin to unfold-- Hannibal is still the Chesapeak Ripper and both him and Will, will find each other and -- drum rolls -- will FALL IN LOVE!

This is practically a Hannibal fanfcition but in the AU of Stranger Things. Mischa, Hannibal's sister, plays as Will Byers and Will as Eleven. I tried to take as much from both TV Series to make it as much authentic as possible.

“Do you hear that? Listen…” Abigail’s voice was quiet, almost a whisper, a secret that was meant for no one else but the cold wind and bright moon outside.

“…Something is coming…, something hungry for blood…”

~ ENJOY READERS ! ~

Notes

Okay, before you start reading let me make it clear that this is NOT my work. Well..., the idea was MINE but All charachters DON'T belong to me, and most of the quotes i use and will be using are from both shows, cause I think it makes it more authentic...

that's all-- FOR NOW...

See the end of the work for more notes

CHAPTER 1

August 30. Baltimore, Maryland…

The wind was howling loud at the bright full moon, who in return shined even brighter in the night sky. It was the end of summer and the weather was cooling down, little by little, as the days passed by. All kids, who were supposed to return to school in a few days, were trying to spend the time left with either friends or family, laughing and having fun before the boring chemistry lessons were back.

In a house in Baltimore Maryland - a neighborhood full of big mansions, expensive cars and well… rich people who liked to go to Operas and listen to Tchaikovsky - which was smaller than all others around, if you got close enough you could hear two girls giggling and telling scary stories.

Mischa Lecter is currently at Abigail Hobbs' house, in the basement, which was their private secret room, playing *Dungeons & Dragons*, a game invented by the two girls. Mischa was 11 years old and Abigail was almost 2 years older than her. She always made fun of Mischa for being the younger one and sometimes used the opportunity at her advantage too. Abigail was for sure a smart and witty girl but Mischa, even though younger, was maybe even worse with her manipulating skills and good manners.

"Do you hear that? Listen…" Abigail's voice was quiet, almost a whisper, a secret that was meant for no one else but the cold wind and bright moon outside.

"…Something is coming…, something hungry for blood…"

The two girls are sitting around a card table. A grid map was spread out on the table before them, along with a nearly empty pizza box, orange juice, and the all-important *Dungeons And Dragons – Monster Manual.*

Abigail is the "Dungeon Master", for last time Mischa was. They liked to switch every time they played.

"… A shadow grows on the wall behind you… swallowing you in darkness… *it,* is almost here…"

Mischa leaned forward as Abigail spoke, interested and excited that something was coming. Coming for them. She was playing as a Wendigo. She was silent and patient, liking to wait in the corners for then, when her prey was there, jump out and attack the enemy.

"… What is it?" asks Abigail, voice trembling. Her hand was about to turn the page to read further, when Mischa spoke up.

"What if it's the Demogorgon? I'm in deep shit if it's the Demogorgon—"

“It’s not the Demogorgon—” interrupts Abigail, her gaze shifting onto her friend sitting in front of her, and her brown-green eyes meet Mischa’s blue ones. The latter biting her lips in anxiousness.

“An army of Troglodytes charge into the chamber!” shouts Abigail, slamming six winged miniatures onto the Map.

“Their tails drum the floor. Boom! Boom! BOOM!”

“Troglodytes!? “gasps Mischa in surprise, her blue eyes grew wide, and a grin so big it could blind someone was shown on her face.

“I knew it!” she continues excitedly.

But Abigail suddenly looks over her shoulder, her own excitement diminished.

“Wait… Mischa, do you hear that? Boom! Boom! BOOM! That sound… it didn’t come from the *Troglodytes.* No. It came from something else…” she then suddenly, from nowhere, slams a Two-Headed monster miniature onto the map.

“The Demogorgon.” She says finally. The monstrous beast was now here, hungry for blood, and the only thing Mischa could do was stare. Even though she was a Wendigo with sharp fangs and better agility than most predators, the Demogorgon itself was bigger than her and with TWO HEADS.

“ I am in deep shit.” She was trying hard to think about what to do; a strategy that could lead her to victory, but all possible scenarios ended with her blood on the ground.

“Mischa, your action.”

Sweat was trailing down the blue-eyed girl’s forehead, her eyebrows scrunched in concentration.

The Demogorgon was not invincible, there MUST be a solution, a weak point she could attack… But where? How!?

“I—I don’t know—” the idea of using her claws and fangs on him came to her mind, but she would have to roll thirteen or higher… It was too risky. Maybe a protection spell? *(A/N : Wendigos can do magic, I did my research~*) But a direct attack would harm him more… If I cast the protection spell—

“The Demogorgon is tired of your silly human bickering. It stomps toward you. BOOM! “

Mischa’s heart drops even further down. Her eyes are moving fast from left to right as her brain tries to decide her final move.

I should attack him, I can run at him fast and then rip his head off—

“Another step. BOOM!” Abigale’s voice was now louder, panic could be heard pouring from every word she said.

But if it fails It's game over! A protection spell would get me more time—

"It roars in anger…" Abigail stands, her eyes were now locked on Mischa's form, who was visibly struggling with her final move.

Attack—NO , Protection spell—NO! Arghhh…

"… and--"

"ATTACK!" shouts Mischa out, deciding to risk her own life to defeat the monster in front of her. She rolls the dice, but it was too hard, so it scatters to the other side of the basement. It lands by the basement steps.

"What is it?!" Abigail shouts out, her hands leaving the big manual in shock.

"I don't know!" replies Mischa back.

Both girls scramble to look at the dice when—

WHOOM!

The basement door swings open. Abigail and Mischa look up startled, only to find Beverly, Abigail's adoptive mom, standing at the top of the stairs wearing her usual shorts and baggy shirt. She always wore that at home, unless it was really cold. Then she would put on some warmer clothes, but otherwise… shorts and baggy T-shirts.

"Mom, we are in the middle of the game—"

"You mean the *end*." Beverly's tone was always gentle and sweet towards her daughter, but her tone also gave no other option than to do what she said.

Dinner was ready since fifteen minutes, and she points it out by tapping her watch and raising an eyebrow for then turning her back to the sad-looking girls, it was late and she will take no excuses.

As Beverly makes her way to the living room Abigail chases her up out of the basement.

"Just twenty more minutes – "

"It's already late Aby, and Mischa has to go back home, you know how Hannibal thinks about being late… You can finish next weekend."

"But that will ruin the *flow*—"

Beverly stops in her tracks and Abigail stumbles on her feet at the brusque movement. She then turned around to face her daughter, eyes soft and understanding. But still,… Kids are kids, and no matter the circumstances, sometimes, you had to be strict.

"Abigail …"

“No Beverly—*Mom*,… I’m serious! It took two weeks to plan. How was I supposed to know it would take ten hours…?” says Abigail exasperated. It was still hard for her to call Beverly mom, but after almost a year of being with her she could feel that Beverly really loved her. At the beginning sure it was hard, the fact that she shot her father to save her and then gave her a new future, new hope…. not many people would have taken that burden. In all these months Beverly even showed her what love truly is, what a family is supposed to be. They were alone, only her and Bev, but she was enough. She is the kindest and most wonderful mom in the world.

“You’ve been playing *ten hours* ?” asks Beverly in disbelief, her mouth agape, and that’s when Abigail realizes what she said. She better run or she won’t be playing EVER again.

When Beverly came back to consciousness, she took on a scolding position, ready to rap out some motherly words, but Abigail turned on her heels faster than expected and run back to the basement, were Mischa was waiting. She then sighed and rolled her eyes but couldn’t keep a smile from breaking out.

~ Back in the basement~

Mischa was stuffing her belongings inside her backpack as Abigail comes running down the stairs.

“You already packing?” says Abigail with sad-looking eyes.

“It’s already late, I don’t want Hanni to worry—Plus, it’s not like Beverly would allow us to continue…” she rolls her eyes at the end, finishing and zipping up her backpack. She then threw the said backpack, with a swinging motion, on her back, paying attention to not catch her long blonde hair beneath it.

“Yeah, I know….but we didn’t finish the game—sorry… I know you really wanted to—” her eyes drop down at the floor, disappointed at herself for not being able to keep her promise. They talked about this for a whole two weeks, before they could actually play it. It’s frustrating to say the least.

“It’s fine Aby… *Dungeons & Dragons* isn’t easy to play, we both know that…. We can start a new game next weekend, mmmh?” she tilts her head sideways as she tries to catch Abigail’s gaze, which was hidden behind a waterfall of beautiful black hair.

When finally the older girl looks up and into blue eyes with a tiny smile on her lips, Mischa knew she won.

“Okay— “ confirms Abigail.

“Oh—what did the dice read?” she realizes that before she could have a glance and see the final roll, she run up upstairs, totally forgetting about the dice. But Mischa probably saw it, as

everything seemed to be packed away. The map, the manual and figurines…

Mischa smirks at her before she says,

“Seven!” and then runs off, up the stairs and to the house door.

“WHAT!—omg… you lost, come back!—”

Abigail starts to run after her, but only catches up when at the door, both girls giggling and huffing.

She smiles up at her and opens the door, accompanying Mischa to her bike.

“As I run I smelt what Beverly cooked—and I assure you It was not chocolate pudding” says Mischa as she picks her bike up. Abigail on the other side, stops in her tracks and stares at Mischa with wide eyes.

Beverly never cooked before Abigail. She always ate out with friends or ordered some Pizza or other take-aways. But when Abigail came along, she started cooking, saying that home cooked meals where healthier and tastier. But she had, and still has, zero experience in the kitchen.

Abigail knows she always gives it her best, but after so many burned meals, she just wants to eat something decent.

Like what Hannibal cooks. He is literally a genius in the kitchen. Everything he cooks is delicious. Abigail only wishes that Beverly would learn something from him. If only just a little bit…

“Ughh – noooo…. Yeah, yeah laugh. It’s not you who’s suffering.” Says Abigail as Mischa laughs out loud at her friend.

Mischa laughs further, imagining poor Abigail at the dinner table trying to eat Beverly’s horrendous cooking. As she made fun of her friend without shame, she casually hoped onto her bike seat ready to bike off, but then she suddenly stops and turns back to her friend, who was glaring diggers at her.

“You know what, why don’t you and Bev come have dinner at our house next weekend? Hanni would be more than glad to show off his skills in the kitchen.” She asks in a sweet tone, smile still lingering on her lips.

Abigail on the other side was very happy for the invitation.

“For real!... I’d love that! “ now Abigail was grinning too, looking straight at Mischa’s blue eyes.

In a swift motion she turns around and bikes off, shouting out loud to her friend back,

“See you tomorrow!—“

“Bye!—“ shouts Abigail back, watching Mischa’s form getting smaller and smaller till she disappeared in the darkness of the woods.

BZZZZ

The light in the garage next to her flicks. *Strange*. Thinks Abigail. But she doesn’t give it further thought and goes to switch off the light there, thinking that Beverly forgot to turn it off, and heads back inside.

~Neighborhood - Mischa’s POV~

Mischa bikes home with her handlebar lights winking in the night. Which was a good thing, because it’s *very* dark out here. Her blonde curvy hair is floating behind her, dancing with the wind, who’s currently getting colder and colder. You could see it even when Mischa breathed out, as puffy white air formed around her lips.

Mischa started to pedal. *Fast.* For then raise on her feet and feel to air against her frame. It was very relaxing.

After a few minutes she whizzes past a big house at the far end of the neighborhood and looks back. She tried to see if Abigail’s house was still visible, but it was almost fifty yards back and because it was so dark you could barely see anything.

They both lived in one of the richest neighborhoods in Maryland, but Beverly’s house was on the opposite side of Hannibal’s mansion. They were about twenty – to thirty minutes away from each other. The neighborhood was very big, of not only because of the forest dividing it in two halves.

As Mischa bikes along the empty forest road, not wanting to take the main one because it would take even longer, she was all alone. Nothing, other than her pedaling, and the sound of cicadas to keep her company.

This area, being right next to the forest, is even darker and quieter; It was *almos*t unnerving.

She bikes past a large metal fence, where a warning sign reads:

BALTIMORE NATIONAL LABORATORY.
RESTRICTED AREA. NO TRESPASSING.

Her bike’s headlight flickers and Mischa looks down at it, wondering if she should change the batteries. She hasn’t changed them since Hannibal gifted her the bike two years ago.

She looks back up and –

A tall figure stands in the middle of the road.

Mischa yanks the handle bars – loses control –

She then veers off the road – explodes into –

And CRASHES. She immediately flies off the bike. Her hands are trembling, eyes wide and alert at her surroundings. As she lays on the ground unmoving, gasping in silence, she hears a strange guttural sound coming from behind her.

As panic and fear bubble in her chest she finds the courage to push her weight on her feet again and turns to the sound, freezing on the spot, like some magical spell was cast on her.

The sounds grow. Slowly. And Mischa felt that something – something *dangerous* and *dark* – was coming.

With the spell now broken she turns around, abandoning her bike which still lay on the ground, probably broke, and began to run.

Mischa bursts out of the woods and looks up ahead where her house could be seen. It was a two-story, higher class mansion. Something of an ethereal beauty seen only in cities like Florence and Paris.

She runs as fast as possible directly to the entrance door and slams the door shut behind her, bolting the lock. A lazy fluff ball appears at her feet. It was Shakespaw the house cat, who was greeting Mischa in her frenzy and panicked state.

“Hannibal! HANNIBAL!? “ she shouts out as she springs into the kitchen and living room. But Hannibal is nowhere to see. She then goes upstairs and calls out again, but all she gets in return is silence.

Hannibal should be home at this hour! Where is he?!

She scrambles back downstairs, into the wide living room and goes straight to the balcony door. With her right hand she gently pulls the curtains and peers out into the yard.

It was dark, murky and quiet. Only bushes of roses and trees were visible and as a gust of wind blows by she closes her eyes once, squeezing them hard before opening them again. Blue orbs inspecting the area around cautiously till she spots something back in the yard….

The same figure she saw before was standing there, amongst the colorful bushes of roses. Mischa gasped, tightening her hold against the silky curtains. She tried to make out any features, but its proportions seemed… off. Its head was too large. The arms too long. And its body was swollen and bent in a strange, twisted shape.

Mischa couldn’t believe what she was seeing, so she squeezed her eyes once again, thinking it was only her imagination and whatever she saw on the way home and now in her yard, were nothing but pure hallucinations. She hoped they were.

When her eyes opened again, she searched for the same dark figure again, but…

…the figure was gone.

Mischa pales. Her heart stops beating, and her hands start sweating.

She runs to the house phone, near the kitchen, and dials 911. But –

It does not ring; the only thing Mischa could make out were hums with low-end static.

“Hello?! HELLO -- ?!” shouts the panicked girl into the phone, but… nothing.

She suddenly pauses. On the other end of the line something could be heard, but not a voice… more like the same guttural sound she heard in the woods. The pitch rises and falls, making a series of strange sounds, like the figure… whoever… *whatever* it is… is somehow speaking to him through the phone receiver.

Behind her, Shekespaw begins to growl at the balcony door, his back arching and hair standing up, looking feral.

Mischa lowers the phone. And looks back at the balcony doors. Between the two curtains, a shadow filled the space. And then the sound of crawls on glass could be made out and slowly the glass itself started to crack.

Mischa drops the phone and runs for the back door in the kitchen and sprints into the wooden shed on the other side of the yard. She slams the shed doors behind her, breathing hard.

Her eyes start searching for something, but the shed is cluttered and dark, lit only by a naked light bulb, hanging from the ceiling. The bulb buzzes, flickers and when she starts to lose hope, thinking nothing here could help her, in the distance on the wooden wall, she spots and old and dusty Remington rifle.

Mischa yanks it down, retrieves a few ammo shells from a work bench, and loads the rifle as fast as she can, with her sweaty and shaky hands, which makes it double as hard.

While Mischa keeps her eyes trained on the door, a shadowed figure slowly rises behind her.

Mischa senses the movement and turns around fast, but… doesn’t fire.

She stares in shock, paralyzed by fear. Tears were fighting to fall, but she tried to stop them. She wanted to be brave.

“… P-please – “ Mischa’s voice was soft and quiet; almost like a whisper. Like a prayer.

A high-pitched shrieking sound suddenly fills the shed and the naked light bulb dangles dangerously as almost falling down. The bulb glows brighter and brighter, filling the shed with overwhelming white light, but before the bulb has a chance to shatter –

The terrible shrieking sound abruptly stops. The bulb dims, returning to normal wattage.

The shed is now empty.

Mischa has vanished.

CHAPTER 2

~Jack Crawford's house~ The next morning

The house was all white. White walls, white furniture, white beds with white sheets. If not for the accessories decorating the house, it would be a rather bland and boring place to live in. On the walls, different pictures could be seen; of a black man who liked good food, with an unshaven face, but big smile splitting his face. In his arms a beautiful and delicate woman, face flushed and looking happy.

Her name was Bella. Bella Crawford. Who not even a year ago, died of breast tumor. Jack loved his wife dearly, and after this cruel world took the only precious thing in his life, he himself fell down the rabbit hole. The other side being a dark and lonely place, where only alcohol and work could keep him sane.

A clutter of beer bottles, opened plastic vials with red and blue pills where scattered all around the house, and in the middle of it all lay, the one and only, Jack Crawford, in his early 40s. He was sprawled out on a grungy sofa, wearing a dirty old shirt and a pair of worn Levi joggings. On his wrist was a black thin bracelet with an inscription:

Breast Cancer Awareness.

A small object, he bought to support his now gone wife. But he still held onto it dearly.

A ray of sun slices through the curtains, waking the man up.

He blinks once. Grimaces and scrunches his face, the feeling of a hungover making him groan in protest.

Jack unhappily stands up and rubs his face. He then steps out onto his balcony and lights a cigarette up.

His house is perched on the shore of a lake, making it a bit lonely out here. But damn if it wasn't a beautiful view.

Jack rubs his arms, this area was colder, and the morning breeze could be felt, so he went back inside, throwing the cigarette into a thick garbage bag.

He then made his way to the bathroom to take a shower but before he gets into the tiny space, he opens his cabinet near the bathroom mirror and pops open a plastic vial, labeled "Tuinal". He shakes out two capsules, red and blue, and scoops both of them into his mouth with a little bit of water.

After the sower he dresses up, yanking a pair of brown pants on with a matching white collared shirt and jacket and his FBI pass card.

He then heads out the door and hopes into his car and starts to make his way to the Behavioral Science Unit in Quantico, Virginia.

~The night before. Baltimore Maryland~

Hannibal's POV

Hannibal was waiting for Mischa, his little sister and responsibility. He knew she was at the agent's house. Beverly Katz. An FBI agent, intelligent, ferocious and now for almost a year mother of an orphaned child, Abigail Hobbs. The daughter of a psychopath cannibal, who murdered and ate every girl who looked like her beloved daughter. Trying to tame his hunger for her own child.

What a sad ending though. Being caught at the end and to top the cake, he then tried to kill his daughter after cutting the throat of his wife. Agent Katz was there in time to shoot the pig. What a shame, such good meet being wasted…

Thought Hannibal, who was currently preparing dinner for two. A swiss chard and lemon ricotta pasta, one of Mischa's favorites.

He was cutting the *home-made* bacon to then fry it, when suddenly a booming sound could be heard, coming from his basement.

He stopped cooking, paying close attention to the sound, eyes closed in concentration. And then with delight he realized what was happening. Gleam could be seen in his eyes.

He turned the expensive stove off and put aside all ingredients before washing his hands. He took his black and white apron off and went, with calm but determined steps, to his basement door.

He descended the steps and slowly arrived to one of his hidden entries. The booming sound was coming from there.

A key was drawn from Hannibal's back pocket and with a swift motion he opened the heavy door. Slowly opening it, warning whoever was on the other side that someone was coming.

He went in smoothly, sliding along the door's frame, and then closed the door behind him without glancing back, for his eyes were fixed on the trembling pig on the other side of the cellar, crunched down in a corner.

After closing the door, he put the key back inside his back pocket, without the man noticing. He didn't want to risk him escaping when Mischa was about to come home. Even though it

was impossible for the said pig to do. Hannibal was an experienced predator – way stronger and faster than any others.

He tried to finish here in less than 15 minutes. He still had to finish dinner before Mischa arrived, but he knew the girl always got too carried away with the Hobbs girl and will probably come in late.

Hannibal went to his worktable where all his tools were laying.

“Mr. Anderson, I see you are awake. I’m sorry for giving you such week tranquilizers, please let me remedy my mistakes.”

The man laying in the corner was full of panic, not knowing what was happening or where he was.

“What the fuck—who are you! Let me go bastard!!” shout Mr. Anderson, who was sweating profusely, blood smearing his forehead, for Hannibal smacked his head on a wall without him noticing, before abducting him.

“Language Mr. Anderson. But, I guess I can’t expect much from a pig.” Said Hannibal calmly as he finished to fill a syringe full of Propofol.

With long confident strides and an expression that gave nothing away, he approached the man. In a swift motion he took the man by his neck and pushed him a against the wall. Mr. Anderson tried his best to resist him, but he probably had a cracked cranium, and it made him very dizzy.

With ease Hannibal inserted the needle in the main artery and let go of him. The drug would knock him out right away.

As predicted, not even ten seconds, and Mr. Anderson fell with a loud *tud*. Hannibal sighed and crunched down. He picked the man up easily and put him back on his worktable. But this time he secured his hands and legs. Not wanting him to be wandering again, if for some kind of miracle, the drugs didn’t do their job properly.

He didn’t cover his mouth though, the cellar was sound proof, so it was not necessary.

Satisfied with his work Hannibal went to wash his hands at the sink, next to the door, checking everything included himself, for any trace of blood.

Satisfied again, he declared himself presentable and left the basement. Once walking up the stairs he glanced at his *Qlocktwo W39*, fine steel watch. Only ten minutes had passed.

He wondered if Mischa was already home…

Hannibal just stepped in the hallway when he sensed something wasn’t right. He tried smelling the air and was surprised to smell Mischa’s sweet vanilla and roses’ scent. But there was something strange—

Under that sweet fragrance there was another scent. Something he couldn't quite describe, for he has never smelled something similar. It was old. And it was a mixture of blood, death and something else—like a very rare flower no one has scented before. Mysterious…

Hannibal's eyes hardened. Whoever trespassed his house, would be soon seeing his wrath. He only hoped his dear sister was alright.

A gush of air suddenly went in his direction, coming from the open living room, so he silently made his way there. He peeked from the corner and his gaze began to study the big living room, when his eyes landed on the broken balcony's glass doors.

Shakespaw run past him, trying to escape whatever was in here. Trying to hide.

Stating that his surroundings were safe he approached the broken glass on the floor and looked outside in the yard. But nothing could be seen other than trees and rose bushes.

He then spotted something hanging from the wall, near the kitchen and as he approached the object, he realized it was the house phone. Mischa was probably trying to call for help.

Hannibal's anger raised at the thought that his little sister was in danger.

He picked up his sharpest knife from the kitchen and went through the back door into the backyard of their house. It looked like Mischa ran off in the wooden shed.

With long steps he reached the shed and as he did so he inspected the area around him, looking out for danger, but he couldn't sense anything.

The feeling of danger and intrusion he got before, when he got out of the basement, was gone —

Hannibal opened the wooden door with a little too much strength, but how can someone judge him… Worry was written all over his face.
He turned on the light and his posture stiffened immediately.

In the middle of a scattered box of munitions, lay one of his older rifles. There on the floor. As if someone tried to use it to protect themselves but didn't have the chance to—

"Mischa…" Hannibal's voice was a whisper in the cold wind. His walls crumbled down at the realization that he was too late. His breathing grew frantic and not knowing what to do he started to pace back and forth. Into the wooden shed and back into the yard, hoping to find something. Anything…

But other than the sound of cicadas and the cold breeze, there was nothing…

He run back inside, instincts told him to go back there and search for Mischa. The predator in him screaming to find the monster who took his innocent girl, but he knew that would be too risky and without not knowing where to even search, he'd only waste time.

So, he went back, straight to the kitchen wall phone, and dials Beverly's number. Maybe Mischa wasn't even home when the intruder came in…

~ Beverly's house ~

The two girls were sitting at the dinner table. Enjoying their meal—or rather *trying* to… for Beverly's cooking skills topped again, when suddenly the wall phone ringed.

Beverly wipes her hands with a tissue and stands up and goes to answer the phone without trouble.

" Hello?" asks Beverly in a warm friendly tone.

"Good evening Beverly—I'm sorry to interrupt you at this hour, but I was wondering if Mischa was still over." Hannibal, even though was so worried, never forgot his good manners. He detested being rude.

"Hannibal! Oh—Mischa? No, she left her a little after eight. I didn't want her to get home late. She's still not home?" her last words were infused with worry.

Hannibal on the other side paled but tried to stay calm, even though it was very hard at the moment. Mischa *was* home. And she was probably kidnapped.

"Someone trespassed my house when I wasn't around. They broke in from the balcony door and I fear Mischa arrived at the same time it happened. " explained the man on the other side.

Beverly suddenly on full alert that a child might have been kidnapped, puts on the role as a police agent.

"Okay Hannibal, what you need to do is call 911 immediately…Okay—" states Bev in a calm and confident voice. She really hopped nothing happened to the little girl. No child deserved to experience something like this…

"I intended to do just that, but I first wanted to check, before ending with such conclusions. I will now call the police. Thank you again Ms. Katz" ended Hannibal politely, and without waiting for an answer he ended the call.

Beverly was speechless. The phone was still attached to her ear, not knowing what to do with the news that a child might have been kidnapped. Hannibal's sister. Abigail's best friend. In a neighborhood where any kind of crimes never happened. It was a shock to say the least.

She slowly put the phone back on the wall and went back to Abigail. The girl looked at her weirdly, not knowing what happened.

"Bev—you okay? " she wiggled her hand in front of Beverly's face to get her attention but she wouldn't budge.

“Earth to Beverly…?” she continued, but nothing. The older woman was staring at her almost empty plate without any emotion. She was contemplating if she should tell Abigail the truth or just say nothing till tomorrow. If she told her now, she probably won’t be able to sleep and would try to go out and search for Mischa herself, which was dangerous, with what just happened. But she knows that if she lies to her, she’ll probably get mad tomorrow and will give her the silence treatment for a while, which meant if she’d want to do risky shit, she’ll do it behind her back—

Ughhh—

Sighed Beverly, thinking that being a parent was getting more and more challenging.

“Okay Aby… I have to tell you something, but you have to promise me—” she looked up at her daughter’s green-brown eyes, holding her gaze, meaning she was totally serious.

“—you have to promise me you won’t do anything stupid and just go to sleep afterwards. Okay?” she finished with confidence.

Abigail on the other side was getting suspicious, scrunching her eyebrows in confusion.

“Mmmhh.. sure…I promise—now what happened?” she answers as she lays back on her chair, arms crossed on her chest.

“It’s about Mischa.” Beverly thought what to say, but she ended up thinking that keeping it simple was the best for both of them.

“Okay… What about her? Did s*he* call you?— Did she forget something here?” the girl asked casually.

“No Aby, listen... *Hannibal* just called me. Someone broke in and Mischa might have been kidnapped—”

Abigail just looked at her adoptive mother. Words were stuck in her throat. She was speechless—

End Notes

I will try to post every week at least two chapters. So please be patient...

And it would make me happy if you guys could give me some advice or writing tips! BUT no pressure!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!